THE NEST IN THE WIND. Now that the trees on the hill are bare Against the blue of the wind-swept say, You can see the nest that hangs by a hair Unburt of the gale as it whistles by.

Look how lightly it rocks and swings— The sudden flutter that strips a rose Might snap its hold; yet it swings and clings In the wildest westerly wind that blows. Many a blast from the north and west
Hurles over this hill top bleak,
But air ly rocks the emity rest,
No matter how flercoly the storm-flends
shrick;

Rocks and clings by some frail device, While the mighty river that lies below Is bound, resistless, in chains of ice And the mountains are buried deep

I've rubbed out a picture time and again (As lovely a picture as evercuid see—Bone all in white on my wirdow pane),
Just for the sake of that nest in the tree. For many a night when the wind was so Tratit rocked the beds where the children lay the bout again and again thought wrong.

That now, without doubt, it was blown

so to see what had happened while I was as eep.

I would breathe on the frost-work fairily fine
Abd spoil for a clear space where to peep
The whole of the fanciful, frail design.

Palm-tree and pine and fern would grow On the glass again, the next frosty night; But to see the next swinging to and fro In the teeth of the wind, was a rarer sight!

And rarer yet is the sight, when spring Calls from afar her wandering throng Of the sianoing eye and the restless wing, And the throat that thrills with delicio

For then the nest is alive ava'n With its chirping, fluttering brood. prood. you understand it was not in vain at it weathered the wintry solliude

CLEVER KITTY.

She Opened Her Uncle's Eyes and Saved Herself.

In the straggling, forlorn, unhealthful Northumbrian village of Blackford there was, half a century ago, only one comfortable-looking building. It was none of the iwellings of the coal and lime carters, the described and dischers, or the drainers, who formed the bulk of the population, for their low, drooping roofs, mended here and there with tarpaulin, spoke too eloquently of damp, draught and over-pressure; it was not the red-tiled croft-house inhabited by well as a large beauty and the colored and the Willie Allan, the clever, lazy, kindly, cockghting, dog-fancying, boxing, wrestling, wimming, bee-keeping tenant of the little arm. for bachelordom and neglect had combined with Willie's devotion to hobbies fall on you. Better take a man like Aleck was beaten. Adam was in estastes. "Bring the box of one kind and another to create of it and its surroundings an embodiment of picturesque disorder; it was not the great austerplooking, square-built Presbyterian meeting house, with its prison-like walls and narrow windows; far less was it the slated, shabby genteel manse, for in cold weather the effect of the whitewash upon it was to threaten the spectator with a fit of the ague. No; on any gusty day in November, when the trees on the hilltops seemed to have turned their shivering backs to the breeze that whistled through their branches and whirled away their red-tinted leaves in a madcap dance, and the diminuity cothonses looked almost as though cronehing to escape the blast, which the gaunt old manse faced in haggard despair, the "The Lion" inn alone, with its comfortale overcoat of impervious thatch, retained its aspect of quiet comfort, and toward evening the ruddy glare of its kitchen fire pressingly in-rited the toil-worn cottars to forsake their scadding wives and brawling children, their scanty fires and draughty houses, and enjoy its comfortable warnath. And often at the same time there would be a light at to one of the winter sunset's reddened would be a light at to one of the two attents to a great thick wood, from which would be a light at one of the two attents to a great thick wood, from which with they are will be an an another will be a light at to one of the two attents to a great thick wood, from which will be a light at to one of the winter sunset's reddened to the winter sunset's reddened to would be a light at to one of the two attents to a great thick wood, from which will be a light at to one of the two attents to a great thick wood, from which will be a light at the one of the winter sunset's reddened to the winter sunset is a great thick draughty houses, and enjoy its comfortable warmth. And often at the same time there would be a light at one of the two attic windows that peered out from the roof like a pair of open gray eyes from under lids of thatch. For one of these rooms was the favorite resort of Adam Black, the thriving publican of Blackford. Hither at night did he often resort if business was dull down below to smoke his pipe, to think over his plans, and to calculate his ingoings and outgoings; for, as he would sometimes remark: "It took a deal of worry for a man as could neither read nor write to keep a true reckoning," and Adam's natural abilities had not been brightened up by education.

true reckoning." and Adam's natural abilities had not been brightened up by education.

That did not hinder him from being greatly liked and respected in Blackford. The worst that could be said about him was that he was rather hard, and as a matter of fact there was little softness in his nature, though he never falled to greet his customers with a smile and jest, and if the smile was a little mechanical and the jest the worse for wear, it mattered little to the quiet country folk, who were not ashamed to laugh at the twentieth repetition of a wittleism. And it was everywhere agreed that he kept a model public house—never, for instance, allowing any fighting to go on in a conspicuous place, but forcing the combatants to have it out, if they really meant business, in a secluded back yard, where they could black each other's eyes with the most perfect safety and comfort. Any man might go to the "Red Lion" with the assurance that he would not be made a fool of. Adam knew the drinking capacity of every full grown male in the neighborhood of Blackford, and would let none transgress his limit, or, if an accident did happen, managed to avoid anything in the nature of a public exhibition. And besides, the villagers all knew him to be, in their own language, as game as a bantam. At times Adam might, in bargain-making, show himself not over-scrupulously above board, and, generally speaking, what he could get he took; but, nevertheless, he steered notably clear of paltry meanness, and he was known to be stubbornly faithful to all his friends—a man, on the whole, with a conscience not too troublesome, but far from dead.

In domestic life Adam was a martinet. He ruled his son Aleck, his red-headed

and he was known to be stubbornly faithful to all his friends-a man, on the whole, with a conscience not too troublesome, but far from dead.

In domestic life Adam was a martinet. He ruled his son Aleck, his red-headed servant Bet, and even his niece Kitty with a rod of iron. Prompt obedience was the unwritten law of the household. Only Kitty, besidee being the smartest, prettiest and cleverest girl in Blackford, was so wayward and spirited that not even her uncle, who liked her better than he liked anybody else in the world, was able to keep her entirely under control.

It was a great grief to Adam when he found out that Kitty was in a mood to throw herself away upon Willie Allan. Not that he disliked Willie-nobody could do that—but he thought him unlikely to be a good husband, that is a thriving one, able to keep his family comfortable, for he never gave his mind to his business, but wasted his time over what Adam sometimes called his menagerie, for the croft-house was almost a Noab's ark in its way. The chance visitor was certain to find at every season of the year a litter of pups before the kitchen fire, and an old owl and still more ancient mapple carried on an unceasing struggle for the favorite perch above the kitchen clock. What had once been the best bed-room was converted into a flight for canaries, and there were always hanging about cages containing finches, linnets, thrushes, blackbirds, and even sparrows, for Willie was a noted experimentalist in the art of crossing, and could show an assortment of the most strangely marked hybrids. The garden was stocked with bees and the barn with Russian rabbits. Twenty different kinds of fancy poultry were allowed to spoil the crops and the dovecote was inhabited by as many varieties of pigeous. In the pigsty he had a tame badger, and there was a litter of foxes in one outhouse and an otter in another. Whatever had life had a deep interest for Willie as it had a deep interest for his father before him, for, as well may be imagined, these tastes were inherited

were cousins, but the prejudice against cousins marrying was not strong in the neighborhood, and then what advantages there were. Kate was a splendid manager, and Aleck, though he had not his father's spirit and cleverness, was a hard worker and very careful—too careful, some people said, for whereas his father was only keen and saving, he was as mean and hard as a miser. But in matchmaking these are not defects to make a party ineligible, and best of all, thought Adam, "there'll be no need to divide the money." And accordingly he spared no effort to enforce his will, so that poor Kitty had a hard time of it, what with her uncle's threats and the no more agreeable persuasions of her money-grubbing suitor. Yet she was too spirited to yield, and in her inmost mind was resolved to have both the sweetheart and the money, for who needed it if not careless, squandering Willie?

It was no fault in her eyes that her lover cared nothing whatever for her fortune, though she would scold and rate him well

It was no fault in her eyes that her lover cared nothing whatever for her fortune, though she would scold and rate him well for his indifference. One winter night, as she was returning from a neighboring village about three miles off, to which she had been sent by her uncle, Willie quite accidentally met her, and they had a happy walk homeward, along a lane, on the snow covering of which the moonlight fell fair and softly, making the hard wheel-tracks glitter and shivering the half-black, half-whitened hedgegrows. Willie never before had seemed so true and earnest and loyal as when Kitty poured in his ear the story of her persecution.

"Never mind, lass," he said: "let him keep the money. Pve little, but I'm not in debt, and if you'll but promise to come to the croft I'll—yes, Kitty—I'll sell every live thing I have and work day and night for you."

"No, no, Willie: there's no use for that."

you."

"No, no, Willie; there's no use for that, but do you think I'll give up my rights to please that wretched Aleck! It's just what he wants, for me to marry you and leave every thing to him. He would be pleased to see me quarrel with uncle, for it's not me, but the money, he wants. But if he proposes again, do you know, I've a good mind to take him at his word, just out of spite. That's the worst I could do to him...."

mind to take him at his word, just out of spite. That's the worst I could do to him—"

"Whist! whist!" Willie interrupted her with; "you're jokin', lass; but I dinna like it. Say anything but that. You would never leave me for a bit of dirty gold!"

"Would I not!" queried Kitty, who was an incorrigible teaze; "you'll may be see me make a runaway match of it; aye, and glad you would be after a while to get quit of me. But here's the door. If I'm not away, I'll may be be in the wood on Sunday night;" and she was off, leaving Willie to go home so thoughtful that he quite forgot to feed his tame fox until wakened in the night by its yelping, a thing that had never happened in his life before.

Business was very dull in the "Red Lion" next afternoon, and Adam retired to his attic-room, where Kitty had a cheerful fire, before which she sat knitting. Meg, the celebrated black-and-white greyhound, of which Adam was very proud, stretched its aristocratic body out on the rug, while, beside it reclined a very different looking dog. The rough, short, curly hair of the latter was that of a terrier, but its long face and limbs and slender contour demonstrated its relation to the breed of which Meg was a pure and beautiful specimen. Jack, as he was called, was the very mongrel for a poacher.

Adam's conversation did not relate to his bounds, however, but to his son. He referred to Willie Allan with a moderation and impressiveness his neice had not expected to find.

"Bairn," he said, "ye'll rue a lifetime if ye marry a man like that. It might be fine a twelvemonth, but after he'll get worse than ever, and the work and anxiety 'll all fall on you. Better take a man like Aleck, that you can depend on to keep you comfortable, than one like Allan, that'll expect you to take care o' him."

"Ah!" replied Kitty, "had Aleck been than man his father is a world marry here

field which stretched away from the village gardens to a great thick wood, from which it was separated by a brook. In the very middle of it stood a solitary tree, the boughs of which shone like dark tracery in the evening light. "Look yonder," said Adam, pointing to the foot of this tree. A timid, limping, hungry hare, probably tempted by the remembrance of the vegetables it had sometimes on moonlight nights found in the gardens, was making toward them in little starts and runs followed by stoppages, during which it would sit with its long ears pricked up to listen to or scent danger. Could any Blackford man look on that sight unmoved? It might have turned the old minister himself into a poacher, and the temptation was quite too strong for Adam. The very dogs, by the eager way in which they started up to follow him, seemed to see a chance of sport in his looks.

his looks.

He was no sooner gone than Kitty did a very curious thing. Running to her own apartment, she hurriedly produced a biggish bunch of old keys and began trying the lock of Adam's chest until she got one to fit. Then she opened it and looked in. But no pile of gold met her eye. Adam had a second box within the big one, and it was locked. Kitty did not seem at all disappointed. Without touching any thing in the box she let the lid fall, carefully locked it and put her keys back where she had found them.

locked it and put her keys back where she had found them.

Had Willie Allan been there to watch her next proceedings he would have been hurt and surprised, for the little flirt, after smartening herself up before the mirror, proceeded to the kitchen, where Aleck was busy polishing the harness of the doctor's horse, which happened to be kept at the "Red Lion." Ensconcing herself snugly in the corner, she plainly said, by look and movement: "Come, woo me." Though Aleck, her clumsy lover, did not lack the inclination to respond, he possessed none of that spirit of gallantry which ought to have made him quick to take the hint. Kitty's eyes were beginning to twinkle with amusement at her and his own embarrassment, when, luckily, Adam looked in with the hare, but he forgot all about Jack's performance in his pleasure at seeing the cousins so friendly. "Aha!" he cried, "but you are two sly ones—courtin' like that whenever the old man's back's turned," and in great glee he went away and left them.

"What do you think of that now?" said Kitty, laughing.

and left them.
"What do you think of that now?" said
Kitty, laughing.
"I wish it was true," said Aleck.
"That is because you're a fool," said Kitty. "What on earth should we be sweetheartin' for? What kind o' life would you
live here if you were married. Sandy? As

"That is because you're a fool," said kitty. "What on earth should we be sweetheartin' for! What kind o' life would you live here if you were married, Sandy! As long as Adam Black's here—and that may be twenty years yet—Adam Black will be master. And as for you, you'll toil and moil and mourn till the gray hairs come, and you'll get his money when you're past enjoying it. That's the lookout for a woman with a notion to you, my lad."
"I'll not deny you've hit it, Kitty. It's a poor spec at the best, keeping a country public; the hinds haven't the money to spend. If I had father's savings now, I wouldn't bide here past the term. I'd get a place nearer the pits—them's the lads to spend."

"I'll were a man like you, Aleck, do you know what I'd do? I would make a big try to get these same savings and boit. If you were quick and clever enough they'd newer catch you, and you could change your name and get a new start."

"Ah! I've thought o' that, but the old one's ower cunnin'. I believe he wears the key of the big cheet around his neck."
"If that's all ye it trouble, I know where to get a key. But would you not be frightened, Aleck! Folk might call it a robbery."

"That wouldn't be true. The money is mine as much as his, for I've worked hardest for it, and there's a lot of it yours, Kitty, and he wouldn't make much noise about it. He wouldn't disgrace the name by making it a by-word, and he likes you so much that he wouldn't seek to get you into bad trouble. There would be murder, though, if he got hold of us himself."

That was the way in which the elopement was planned. During the next few days the cousins were in almost constant conversation, and even shrewd Adam was deceived, and thought, poor man, that his niece had forsaken Willie Allan, not from any mercenary motives, but because of the weighty advice he had given her. Never had he felt more serenely happy than on niece had forsaken Willie Allan, not from any mercenary motives, but because of the weighty advice he had given her. Never had he felt more serenely happy than on the next Sunday afternoon. The hare find been cooked exactly to his liking—the fore parts in soup, the hind parts in a pis—and after a dinner that might have pleased an Emperor, followed by a taste of his fine old brandy—brandy kept for the exclusive use of the fox-hunting squires who would

Lion." Whatever it amounted to it was all in the big box that stood in Adam's favorite attic room, for he had a deep-rooted suspicion of banks, and like many other country folks of that time, held that his savings could not be safer than under his own lock and key.

"If you marry Allan." he said to Kitty, and she knew that no nree scruples about right and wrong would hinder him from keeping his word, "not a penny will you get from me."

The truth was that he had quite another scheme in his head. Why should Kitty isek bayond his son Aleck! True, they

No sooner was he gone than a tremendous bustle began in the public house, although it was shut on Sundays. Aleck did not know what to take and what to leave.

"It's four weary miles we have to walk into Scotland," said Kitty, "so the less we have to carry the better, Aleck. That box"ll be a weight to take in itself, lad."

"We'll have plenty of time, though. Better say we've gone for a walk, and he'll be as pleased as Punch. Have you opened the chest!"

"Yes," said Kitty; "it's all right. The only pity is I could not open the little box, and you'll have to take it with us." only pity is I could not open the little box, and you'll have to take it with us."

Darkness was just falling when the two fugitives emerged from the "Red Lion." The peaceful villagers were all within dwors, for it was bitterly cold, and the sharp north wind had begun to drive stray flakes of snow in front of it. Which way should they take! There could be no doubt of that; down the hill by the foot-road, across the brook by the single-plank bridge, through the wood until the highway was reached, and then a bold push to get across the Border. Many a Northumbrian lad and lass in the old times had trudged to the altar in that style, but few of the gallants carried a treasure with them such as was under Aleck's arm. Many a sharp look the runaways cast on every side, lest there should be any suspicious witness of their friendly snow dropped softly on their treacherous footprints. Neither said a word till they reached the old willow, near which the brook was crossed by a trembling plank. Then Kittle grew nervous.

"I'm frightened to cross the burn," she said; "go you first."

"Be quick then," he answered. "I'll hold it;" and, getting swiftly to the other side, he selzed the end of the unsteady bit of wood.

But, instead of following at once, Kitty screamed; "There's Jack! your father must be chasing us."

screamed: "There's Jack! your father must be chasing us."
Aleck stood undecided a moment, then dashed the frail bridge into the water. "Hide where you can," he shouted, "he can't jump the burn, and I'll make off with the moment." the money."
"Oh! he'll kill me," pleaded the girl.
"Don't run away from me, Aleck."
"You shouldn't have been so slow," he retorted, with the box already under his

retorted, with the box already under his arm.

"Stop, you blackguardly thief! Stop, I say!" hoarsely shouted his father, running up from where he had been looking after some rabbits. But the son turned in terror and fied—not far, however, for a new-comer appeared on the scene. Willie Allan, true to his appointment with Kitty, though he hardly expected to see her, emerged from the wood. "Hulloa," he said, placing himself in front of the runaway, "what's up!" "Fell him dead!" yelled Adam.

"Let him go," said Kitty, but so softly that her lover could not make out what she said.

"You'd better turn back," he said to Aleck, but the fugitive, brought to bay, was

With that they all began silently to re-trace their steps, only Kitty slipped away in front as if to avoid embarrassing ques-tions. Willie was very thoughtful. Just as they were coming to the door he said to Adam in a low, troubled voice, which he tried bard to make indifferent: "Look here, Adam very haven't lost authing by this

tried hard to make indifferent: "Look here, Adam, you haven't lost anything by this row, and there isn't much use in exposing her. is there?"
"No." was the reply, "but since they're so fond Pil make them marry and set up house by themselves." With that they entered the kitchen, where Aleck, all shivering with his bath, deposited the box on the floor. A cheerful firelight showed Kitty, not, as might have been expected, with abashed countenance and the demeanor of a culprit awaiting justice, but with heightened color and sparkling eyes—far bonnier than ever, as her old lover could not help thinking.

than ever, as her old lover could not help thinking.

"There's your true blood," she said to Adam but pointing to his son, "and this has been a fine night's work for him. It began with robbing you that's done so much for him; then the sweetheart that liked him so well as to run away with him, he left on the wrong side of the burn; and then to draw his knife on an honest man! You'll never seek to make me wed him now?"

then to draw his knife on an houest man! You'll never seek to make me wed him now?"

"That you shall, you shameless hussy," broke out her uncle. "You're not fit for Allan, and I'm sure from what I've seen this night he wouldn't look at a thief."

"No, I couldn't do that," said Willie; "but there's no need for me here," and with a sad and regretful countenance he was about to leave when he was stopped by a burst of mischievous laughter from the impenitent but bewitching culprit."

"It's Bet's box." she said.
"Bet's box!" said Aleck: and "Bet's box!" said Aleck: and "Bet's box!" said Kitty.

"Sure enough, it's not my box," said the uncle, dragging it into the light; it's the same size, but not the color. But whatever is making it so heavy!"

That was soon discovered. The redheaded servant-girl came forward with a smile on her gaping mouth that suggested the part she had taken in the trick. "There's a stone of shot," she said, "and there's the horseshoes from the back-yard, and there's the rusty keys that used to lie in the stable, and here's my old petticoats stuffed in to keep them from jingling, and," she added, "the weights and the flatiron!"

"By George!" said Willie, "he must have meant to start a pack. Would you have

stuffed in to keep them from jingling, and," she added, "the weights and the flatiron!"

"By George!" said Willie, "he must have meant to start a pack. Would you have stabled me to save that dirt!"

"He didn't know what it was," answered for him Kitty. "I just wanted to try his mettle, so I put this box in the room of the other one, and it's back in its place now, neither touched nor opened."

"T'm glad o' that lass," said the old publican, and though there was not much in the words there was something in the voice that made them sink deep. "It would have been a sad day for me when I found you turning against me. But, Willie, lad, if you want to catch this skittish filly, you'd better be quick. Down to the minister's you go to-morrow and get your names asked; and as for you, you lubberly sumph, after making a fool of yourself like that, what's to come of you?"

"Marry him to Bet, suggested Kitty.

"The very ticket!" returned her uncle. "Will you have him, Bet!"

"Aye, that will I," said the laconic maid. "You'll go down to the minister's as well, then," said Adam to Aleck.

So a few weeks afterward there were two weddings in Blackford, and when the lads of the village "roped" Willie Allan he gave them a whole half soverign to drink, and was therefore allowed to enter the croft house with a thunder-storm of cheers; but when they did the same thing to Aleck, he morosely cut the rope with a knife, and that is why he has been so unlucky ever since; for if you go to Blackford now you will find the croft house to be the neatest, pretitest, nicest house there, while ever since old Adam's death, which happened many years ago, the "Red Lion" has been so squalid and dirty and disreputable that the Marquis has serious thoughts of taking away the license and turning it into a butcher's shop.—Longman's Magazine.

—Dr. C. C. Abbott, the naturalist,

-Dr. C. C. Abbott, the naturalist, recently found upon his farm in Trenton, N. J., a box tortoise, upon the under shell of which was cut his grandfather's name, J. Abbott, with the date 1821. The appearance of the tortoise denoted great age, and there is no rea-son to doubt the fact that the name was really engraved upon it sixty years

-Thousands of tons of cheese are. made in France from the milk of sheep, while milk from the goats is used for the same purpose in Germany. In European markets such cheese brings the highest price, and the demand is always equal to the supply.

PARM AND FIRESIDE.

-A piece of soft sponge fastened to the end of a stick makes a good prid-dle greaser and can be cleansed quickly by putting it into hot salt and water. -If you wish to pour boiling hot liquid into a glass jar or tumble. into a glass jar or tumbler, it can be safely accomplished by first placing a spoon in the jar.—Boston

-Calves digest whole grain better than older cattle, but this fact does not prove it economical to feed whole grain. Grinding is a benefit for animals of any age.—Toledo Blade.

—An exchange recommends that once a week four or five large raw onions should be chopped up and given to the hens, independently of all other food, as a tonic and healthy stimulant

for the bowels. -Setting hens should never be fed on the nest; they should be allowed to come off for their food, as the eggs require about the amount of airing they receive while the hen is off for food .-Cincinnati Times.

-Tumblers should never be set one inside the other. What goes in will not always come out, despite the proverb to the contrary. Or, to speak more accurately, if it does come out it may be in unpleasantly small fragments.— Chicago Tribune. -Remember the young animals are

constantly increasing in value, and the better you feed the sooner you will mature them, and to a better profit than if allowed to get poor in winter and require half the summer to again bring them into decent condition.— Western Rural.

—It is surprising how much a little ten-cent bottle of glue helps to keep things from growing shabby. A cor-ner falls out of your book-case or bureau —it is lost or mislaid—and the piece of furniture looks poor indeed with that gleam of pine against the black walnut. -Cleveland Leader.

-Ginger Cakes: One pint of New Orleans molasses, one heaping tea-spoonful of soda stirred in the molasses; one cup of brown sugar, one heap-ing tablespoonful of ginger, one-half cup of butter or lard. Work in flour enough to stiffen sufficient to roll out half an inch thick. Do not let the edges touch in the pan. Bake slowly.

-Pork Pudding: One cup of salt pork chopped fine, two cups of sugar, two of sweet milk, two cups of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cassis, and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, and three and one-half cups of flour. Steam three hours and serve with lemon the steam of the with sugar sauce, flavored with lemon.

—The Caterer.

-Coffee Cake: Two cups brown sugar, one cup butter, five eggs, onehalf cup molasses, one nutmeg grated, two tablespoonfuls cinnamon, one tea-spoonful cloves, one-half cup made cofee, three heaping cups flour, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one teaspoon-ful saleratus dissolved in warm water, one quarter pound of citron, one teaspoonful lemon extract. Cream butter and sugar together, and be sure to flour the fruit before stirring it in. Bake in a moderately fast oven .- Boston Budget.

CARROTS FOR STOCK. A Crop Which Requires Much Work, Bu

During the past few years there has been quite a large demand for carrots for feeding to horses in this city and the demand for them is said to be increasing. The proprietors of omnibus lines are the most liberal purchasers, though many are bought by the owners of the city have received during the past few months ten dollars per ton for good carrots delivered at stables. Carload lots raised in Wisconsin have sold

at from six to seven dollars per ton. As a rule parties who buy carrots do not like to go to the trouble of moving them from railway stations to their stables. The average crop is about sixteen tons to the acre, though as high as twenty tons have been reported. Farmers should be satisfied with a crop that pays from one hundred and sixty to two hundred dollars per acre and the production of which does not injure the soil, even if it calls for considerable hard work. It is doubted if the costly land near large cities can be devoted to any crop that will pay as well as car-During the season of weeding and thinning considerable hard work is required, but this can be done by women and children, whose labor can

be obtained at low rates. Probably carrots are the most profit able roots that can be raised for feeding stock in most parts of this country.
Our climate is not as favorable as that of the British islands and some of the countries on the continent of Europe for producing mangels and turnips. As these roots grow mostly out of ground, they are likely to become hard and tough during hot and dry weather. The yield of them will be small and the quality poor if a protracted drought occurs during the summer. Carrots receive less injury from the sun and the occurrence of a drought than beets and urnips do, as their roots are entirely covered by the soil, while their leaves re close to the surface of the ground. langels and Swedish, or rutabaga turnps, are so large that it is generally necessary to cut them into small piece or to pulp them before animals will eat hem. It is tedious to do this work by hand, or even by the use of a machin operated by man-power. There are power machines for cutting and for ulping these roots, but they are expensive and are not adapted to the use of people that keep but a few animals. As carrots are smaller and more tender, horses, cows and sheep can eat them if they are fed to them as they are taken from the ground.

Carrots require a long time in which to grow. The seed should be sown in May, and as early in the month as the condition of the ground will admit. To get as large a crop as possible the rows should not be more than two feet apart. This will allow a narrow cultivator to pass between About four pounds of seed are required for an acre. The long orange variety is the most productive, though the roots, being quite long, are not easily pulled from the ground. The early French horn, or "half-long stump root," variety is easy to pull, but is not as productive. The land intended for the production of earrors should be the production of carrots should be fairly dry, deeply plowed and well pul-verized. It should be rich, but green manure or that containing the seeds of weeds and grass should not be applied to it. Old and well-rotted stable nure is the host fertilizer. It should be finel sulverized and well distributed through the soil. It is well to drop a few radish, turnip or cabbage seed in the New with the carrot seed. They will come up in a few days. Mark the rows and allow the ground to be worked between them. The plants, after they have made considerable root, should be thinned so they will be from five to six inches apart. —Chicago Times.

-Alma Hill, of Bronwood, has about two hundred head of sheep on his place and a good many cockle burs. One day not long ago he was in the field and saw fifteen sheep side by side, their heads all pointing the same way, looking as if out for a drill. He yelled at them to move and the whole gang moved at once. It was some time be-fore he ascertained that the burs had

A CHINESE DINNER.

sing Description of a Meal Served A member of a Bremen trading-hou lately had the honor of taking dinne with a Chinese magnate in Pekin, and has given an appetizing description o the feast. The table was set with twenty-two dishes and was lit with ten large lanterns. Instead of being served

in courses, the dishes were brought in

one at a time and passed to the guests severally, beginning with the mo t distinguished or with the oldest. The merchant has given a list of them, with his comments, as follows: 1. Doves his comments, as follows: 1. Doves with mushrooms and split bamboo sprouts—delicious. 2. Fat pork fritters (or something like fritters)—splendid. 3. Pigeon's eggs in meat broth, the whites hard but transparent—very good. 4. Chinese bird's nests with ham-chips and bamboo sprouts (a mucilaginous dish)—excellent. 5. Poultry, different kinds, cooked with mushrooms and bamboo sprouts—very mushrooms and bamboo sprouts-very agreeable. 6. Duck with bamboo and tus fruits, the fruits tasting and looking like an acorn without its cuptolerably good. 7. Hog's liver fried in castor-oil—bad. 8. A Japanese dish of mussels with maladorous codfish and acon-horrible. 9. Sea crabs' tails cooked in castor-oil, with bits of bam-boo and ham—would have been pala-table but for the wreethed oil. 10. A

star made of pieces of fowl, bacon and dove, covered with white of egg—very juicy. 11. Slices of sea-fish and shark's fins, with bamboo and mushrooms—
it was hard to tell what kind of
a dish it was, but it was
rather bad than good. 12: Giblets of poultry with morels helped the giblets down. 13. Ham and cabbage—not particularly good. 14. Hams of sucking pigs cooked in their own juice. A pause now ensued, during which pipes and tobacco were brought in. The pipes held about a thimbleful of tobacco—enough for two or three whiffs-and we were kept busy filling and lighting them. 15. Land-turtles with their eggs in castor-oil—abominable. 16. Ends of ham good. 17. Breasts of ham with sour cabbage—no delicacy. 18. Stale eggs (these eggs have been kept one month in salt and two months in moist earth.)
The white looked like burnt sugar and were transparent. The yolks had a greenish color, and the embryos apof the plum, preserved in brandy—good. Crabs' tails cooked in castor-oil. A

peared dark, rolled together and per-fectly recognizable—a terrible dish. Dessert: Conserve of sitzon, a red fruit that looks like a shadberry, and tastes like a kind of currant—good. Dark-green fruits having oval seeds like those green, oval fruit with a long, hard seed, resembling a large green olive, but sharp and sour and disagreeable to the European taste. Light cakes-very

fine. Nuts, almonds and castor-oil seeds, roasted and candied with sugar -good, even to the castor-oil seeds. Macaroni with sesame-seeds and three-cornered cakes covered with castor-oil seeds-passable. Various bonbons very moderate; baked lichis. The lichi is the finest of Chinese fruits, having a white flesh with the taste of the best grapes—excellent. Shaddocks man-darin oranges—good. The only drinks were tea, very weak and without sugar and samion, a rice-wine, which is

WOMEN AND WORK.

stuff .- Popular Science Monthly.

A Caution Against Fraudulent Advertise en's Educational and Industris Union of Boston, Mass., cautions all wom-en to be wary of advertisements and circuen to be wary of advertisements and circulars promising—on receipt of a certain sum—work at home, with large earnings. We are receiving letters from women far and near who have been defrauded by these promises. Either the person forwarding the money gets no answer at all, or the materials and implements sent are of little worth, or the finished work is rejected even if well done, or other obstacles are placed in the way, (the object being simply to get rid of her). The parties advertising make frequent changes of name and address, with some difference in circulars. They are now sending out through the United States, Canada and the Provinces, hundreds of thousands of plausible circulars, well calculated to deceive, for not many of the hundreds of thousands of women receiving them are aware that by a

not many or the hundreds of thousands of women receiving them are aware that by a single advertisement any city firm can get plenty of workers close at hand.

Learning that this evil can best be checked by enlightening the public, we so-licited the aid of the press, and the follow-ing continuous notice appears in our daily papers, each in turn giving it one week's insertion:

papers, each in turn giving it one week's insertion:

"The Women's Educational and Industrial Un'on, 74 Boylston street, will gladly g.ve information regarding creaturs and advertisements offering to women work at home."

It is earnestly desired that newspapers everywhere help to calighten the public by copying the whole of this present article and by giving the above notice, or a similar one, frequent insertions; also that Women's Associations, variously located, join us in this work, and by suitable advertising make themselves known as centers of information. Any needed assistance from us will be gladly rendered. Individuals can aid by procuring the insertion of this article in their local papers.

Such general concurrence of effort will save multitudes of women from sorrow and loss, work effectively against the swindlers and promote the interests of the honest advertisers.

honest advertisers.

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz,
President Women's E. and I. Union.

Address letters to our Employment De-

-Cherry Bob, of San Antonio, the proprietor of a saloon was moved by the announcement that Messrs. Moody and Sankey were to visit that city to publish the following card: "Editor San Antonio Light: Fellow saloon men now that Moody and Sankey are expected to visit us, would it not be advis able to get the inside track of them by closing our establishments on Sunday and seep sacred the Sabbath? Fellow saloon men! let us close our doors or the Sabbath; let us keep sacred the seventh day; we will lose nothing by it but would be held higher in the estima tion of our fellow citizens and receive the credit of the outside world .- Chi ago Herald.

-Some interesting facts were developed at the recent electrical convention in Baltimore. Among these was the information that there are about 5,000 are lights in New York and about 3,000 in Boston. Over fifty towns in the United States have each over 100 lamps. Tower lighting meets with great favor in some parts of the West. Domestic lighting by electricity has not advanced much, so far, on account of the expense, and meets with more favor in Europe than in america. There are now in use in the United States 95,000 are lights and 250,000 incandescent lights, and the money invested in the electric light industry amounts to \$70,000,000.

When the effort was first made to organize societies to prevent cruelty to dumb brutes it was ridiculed by the press and antogonized by the courts. Just when Mr. Henry Bergh was ready to abandon the work because of discouragement, he made the acquaintance of the late Horace B. Claffin, of New York, who at once gave his hearty sympathy and support, and contributed \$25,000 to it shortly before his death. Such movement could not long be confined to New York. It spread all over the country, and there are now in nearly every State, and in hundreds of cities of the Union, societies of this kind .- Centrai "hristian Advocate.

-It is absurd to condemn a rule that fore he ascertained that the burs had won't work both ways. In these days got into their wool and they were stuck of degeneration a thing is lucky if it together.—American (Ga.) Recorder. works one way.—N. O. Picayum.

ALWAYS prompt and sure and only 25 cents: Red Star Cough Cure. No opiates. The merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a sure cure

natism are known everywhere. A carried baby at a meeting is like a good suggestion—it ought to be carried out—
Texas Siftings.

stranger than Fiction are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists. An easy way to find a lost relative—Make will in his favor.—Detroit Tribune.

Young Men, Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their colebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A BLIND man is very sympathetic. He will never see anybody suffer.

"What we learn with pleasure w never forget."—Alfred Mercier. The following is a case in point: "I paid out hundreds of dollars with intreceiving any bor fit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially dragging-down, for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell ft.

THE rumor that "the world moves" be-cause it is cheaper to move than to pay rent is denied.—N. Y. Independent.

The Speed of Heat and Cold. It has been asked which travels faster, heat or cold; and answered heat. Because any one can catch a cold. It therefore follows that every one should keep Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, which will cure colds, coughs and croup.

A HICKORY club is very good lumber loor a man with.—Merchant Traveler.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night-sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

In Siam they bang cats' tails. In this country they aim to kill.—New Haven News.

The scalp is cleansed and excited to a healthy action by Hall's Hair Renewer.

In Consumption, the disposition to cough is diminished by taking Ayer's Cherry Peotoral.

Brakemen will be sorry to learn that "trains" are to be made unusually long.—
N. Y. Commercial Bulletin. Miss Frances E. Willard has selected some Gospel and Temperance songs, fa-miliar tunes, 200 copies of which will be sent to any church or Sunday school. Ad-dress the Publisher, Mrs. Laura G. Fixen, Albert Lea, Minn., enclosing 20 cents for postage.

The swimmer will never be a pauper. He is always self-sustaining. ir a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well. THE boy with the dirty face seems to wantthe earth."—Pacific Jester.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25 A rongue that never talks scandal—The tongue of a shoe.—Boston Courier.

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"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family and consider it a splendid blood purifier." J. P. Willessift, North 7th Street, Brooklyn, N. T.

Purifies the Blood "I take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring medicine, and I find it just the thing. It tones up my system and makes me feel like a different man. My wife takes it for dyspepsia, and she derives great benefit from it. She says it is the best medicine she ever took." Frank C. Tunker. Hook & Ladder No. 1. Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, which I have had for the last nine or ten years, suffering terribly. It has now entirely cured me." Mrs. A. Nouvox. Chicopee, Mass.

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Fig

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